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run or they catch you



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Chapter 1 by Esme

"How dare they! they have no authority over any of us!" Cinta screamed next to me tearing out large chunks of dirt and gritting her teeth in anger .while her black hair was jerked around by her hectic movements and got stuck to the thin film of sweat on her face created by working all day in the sun.

Chapter 2 by Vega Venice



I rubbed the hair out of her face trying to calm her down, but she wouldn't listen.

"They have no right!" She screamed again rubbing her now dirty fingers through her smooth black hair.

The way they treated us wasn't right. They treated us like slaves! Slaves! we wernt slaves, were we? I would never cry like Cinta, never to her face. But I too felt the discouragement this lifestyle gave us.

The reason Cinta cried to me know was for reasons undiscribleable. They beat her, yes. That was no secret to anyone. But they did something more that hurt even worse. If you were a female

worker, much like Cinta, you were raped. It was no secret to anyone. We were slaves to them. Our bodys, our minds and our souls were always slaves.

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But they never seemed to care. So I used the word. They used Bailleurs.

"Hey, Clint! How many Bailers do you have working in the feild today?"

"Oh, about 76!"

Thats how the conversations would play out. Our owners name was Scelth. He was a tall male with this thick red hair. His freackles looked like ants crawling all across his body. While he was awkward looking, he was very firm and strong. Rather scary.

He would walk around with his son and beat us. He would tell his son what a Bailer is, why a Bailer is and how dirty Bailers are.

Sawnnne was my brother, he had tried to back talk Scelth one day, He went up to him and spoke with such fear and anger.

"Mr. Scelth, sir! I'd like to request that we be paid."

Scelth laughed in his face and spit. He took Shawnee to the wipping post and beat him long and hard. We carried him back to our hut and drentched him in water. But alas, the heat came and infection rose and Shawnee died.

We held a small funeral at the river. A younger girl said she heard Mr. Scelth talking in the valley earlier.

"A death of a Bailer is no picnic on our part, we then have to find a replacement."

And thats how I met Cinta. Thats how I met the most beautiful Bailer that could ever walk this earth. Thats how I met the girl who would change it all.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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